1: Cunningham G-3 (1846-47) 1854 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

or about £8,000 sterling. The last item is the gross amount derived from a heavy tax which has been imposed on all the *gonpas*, or monasteries, throughout the country. The sums paid by the different religious establishments were thus stated to me—

Monastery of Hemis (with Hanlé)	...	Rs. 900
„ Chimra	...	900
„ Thigsé	...	500
„ Pitak	...	500
„ Gáwan	...	900
„ Láma Yúrrú	...	900
Twenty-five smaller monasteries at Rs. 60 each	=	1,500
		Rs. 6,300

The charge incurred in the maharaja's government of Ladák, I found it impossible to ascertain with any degree of precision, as it was a delicate subject to make inquiries about. From various sources I could only learn that the country is divided into districts, over each of which is appointed a thanadar on a small salary, varying from Rs. 200 to Rs. 500 a month. There are five of these thanadars in Ladák, each independent of the others, and accountable only to the maharaja himself. The principal of them is Basti Rám, the thanadar of Lé, a shrewd and intelligent man, and a tried soldier. He is a native of Káshtwár, and was a petty officer under Zoráwar Sing on the first invasion of Ladák. He was present at the surrender of Skardo, the capital of Balti; and he was one of the few survivors of Zoráwar Sing's unfortunate expedition into Great Tibet in the winter of 1841, A.D. His quickness and experience, combined with a frank and easy manner, secured him the confidence of the maharaja; and after successfully ruling the district of Zanskar during a very turbulent period, he has now obtained one of the highest posts in

1: Cunningham G-3 (1846-47) 1854 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

159 the maharaja's service, in the governorship of Ladák
634 Proper, of which the capital is Lé. His personal salary is only Rs. 500 a month, but he is permitted to trade on his own account to a limited extent; and his profits, together with the presents which he receives from merchants and others, amount to a very handsome income,
[439] which was estimated vaguely at Rs. 20,000 a year. But the maharaja himself is the chief trader in his own
[643] dominions, more particularly in the two staple articles, the export of saffron, and the import of wool. I have therefore strong doubts whether Basti Rám can realize more than ten or twelve thousand rupees yearly. But even this sum, when added to his personal salary, will yield him a respectable income of Rs. 18,000, or nearly £1,800 a year.

634 There are five thanadars, who are placed in the following districts, over which they exercise military command as well as civil authority. 1. Ladák; 2. Zanskar; 3. Kargyil; 4. Drás; 5. Nubra. The salaries of these officers, at the average rate of about Rs. 300 a month, amount to Rs. 18,000 per annum.

701 The number of troops garrisoned in Ladák was variously stated to me by different individuals at from 600 to 800 men; of whom about 200 are stationed at Lé, and in different parts of the district of Ladák Proper. The others are divided among the remaining districts. At Lé also there are thirty artillerymen with a battery of four guns.

701 The military expenses were estimated at between
652 thirty and forty thousand rupees a year; and as the pay of the soldier is nominally five rupees a month, this sum (Rs. 36,000) would support a force of 600 men. But the men do not receive more than two or three rupees in

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

pened at Hemis. The boy of eleven with whom we stayed at Hemis is the sixth Incarnate Lama of Hemis, the reincarnation of Stagtsang Raspa, who founded the monastery. And Phuntzog, his teacher, finally told me the secrets of his discovery.

The boy is short for a lad of eleven. His face is Mongol—sensitive, expressive, with eyes that are quick and alert. His hair is black and close-cropped. He wears shoes turned up at the end, a dark red robe without sleeves, and a yellow shirt. He came out to greet us as we sat on the porch talking with Phuntzog. Rahul, a devout Buddhist, touched the boy's feet with his hands and gave him the salutation reserved for an Incarnate Lama, "Peace be with Thee, Most Blessed One."

The boy sat for a while and joined in the conversation. But his participation was at a very formal level, as is all his discourse with strangers during the regency. I asked, "What books are you studying now?"

He murmured an answer which was audible only to his Lobon, who then addressed the Rinpoche's answer to us. The boy stood stiffly for a minute or so and then turned and ran into the house. The windows of his room had small panes, which were covered with cloth and isinglass and opened on the porch. Soon I saw one of them swing open and Rinpoche's head come out. As soon as he saw me watching him, he ducked back. Over and again it happened, the Rinpoche peeking as any eleven-year-old would do to see what was going on, who these strangers were, what they wore, and the like. Soon he raced across the porch after a tiny dog, caught up with it, gave it a healthy kick, and then raced back across the porch into the house.

Rinpoche had one intimate playmate, a novitiate in his teens, who came out of the house with the boy. This playmate was a tall, gangling chap with heavy eyebrows and dark, matted hair cut close. His red robe came only to his knees, and the toes of his bare feet looked like talons. Rinpoche gave him an order, and the young man raced into the garden, where Rinpoche's toys were

792 scattered on the lawn—a tin airplane, a jumping jack, and a bow
• 159 and arrow. He came flying back with the airplane, and Rinpoche held it in his hands, rushing about making a noise like a dive bomber. Then he disappeared with his companion, and I did not see him again until Rahul and I were eating our evening meal.

792 The house[3] had a central hall that ran its length. My room was
346 on the right as one entered, Rinpoche's on the left. The door to the room was a heavy drape that hung to the floor. My room was unadorned except for a small table, a few chairs, and a carpet. The toilet was in a detached, primitive outhouse in the rear. Rahul and I laid our bedrolls on the floor and unpacked our duffel, and a lama brought hot water in a basin for washing. An-
262 other lama brought food from the kitchen. It was an orthodox Buddhist meal, strictly vegetarian in accord with the teaching of the Gautama that no man should kill any man or animal—not
[576] even sheep for mutton, cattle for beef, or trout for fish. Our dinner consisted of beans, potatoes, and corn, cooked together in a highly spiced dish, boiled rice, *chapattis,* and *gur gur cha.* And as the grimy lama served us, he held a cloth over his mouth.

792 Previously, while we unpacked, I had seen the curtain covering
159 our doorway move. Looking up, I saw Rinpoche disappear. He had been watching us. In a few seconds he peeked again, his eyes wide with excitement as I inflated my air mattress. He disappeared every time I looked at him. Then curiosity got the better of him, and at last he stood inside the room, feasting his eyes on all our equipment. He appeared over and again as we ate the frugal evening meal, his friendly face showing for a brief second in the doorway, his eyes dancing with merriment, as if he were playing a game with us.

792 The next morning I paid an official call on Rinpoche to tender
431 him presents. As Lowell Thomas, Jr., describes in *Out of This World,* the customary present that a guest gives his Tibetan host and that a host in turn gives his guest is a white scarf, which signifies the purity of friendship. That is true in Ladakh as well.

1 [i.e., Hemis Monastery— ANALYST]

[539] *O Divine Lord,* Mun! *O Lotus-bearer,* hun! *O Scepter-bearer,* *hun!*

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This was the chant. Over and over, on and on, it went. It had a primitive rhythm, an incessant beat that held me. It was the music of a trance, an incessant repetition whose monotony produced a numbness. The noise of the orchestra filled the room. But it was mostly the Lobon that I heard—the deep, musical bass of Phuntzog. And high above his voice was the piping tenor of Rinpoche, coming lightly along behind the measured beat of his teacher.

After an hour or more I looked up. The chant was still in progress, the drum and cymbals still beating, the horns blaring. The Lobon was bowed in prayer, his lips barely moving as the guttural sound poured out. Rinpoche was as alert as a bird teetering on a rock. He kept up with the chant, his shrill voice now carrying above the Lobon's. As he chanted he weaved slightly to and fro. And all the while he kept peeking out the window where Rup Singh and Budh Ram were standing, watching the ceremony. And Rinpoche seemed to be telling them with his eyes that he hoped to get this business over with soon and come outdoors and join them.

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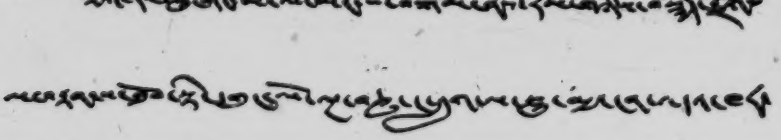
The morning of the day we left Hemis I induced Phuntzog to tell me the story of the discovery of the Rinpoche; i.e., how the soul of Stagtsang Raspa was traced to this boy. He went into his room and was gone an hour or more. When he returned, he handed me the following manuscript in Tibetan script which he had prepared; and he recited it on my tape recorder.



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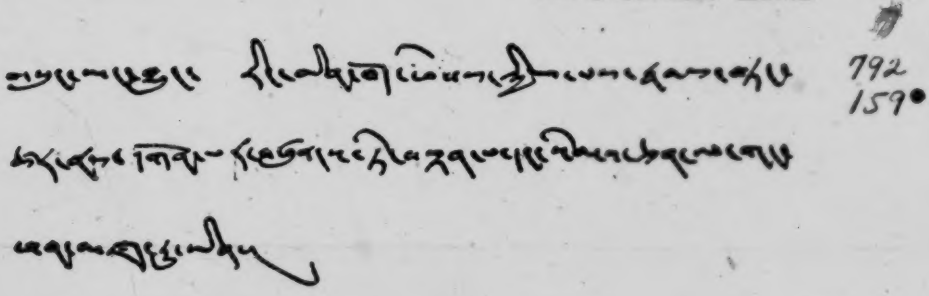
An Incarnate Lama



A free translation of this account is as follows:[1]

"The last Stagtsang Raspa told the senior lamas of his monastery [the Hemis Gonpa], when he was over fifty years old, that he was soon going to leave this world and that they should look for him in his new life after a few years' time somewhere in Tibet. Two years after 'the retiring of Raspa to heavenly fields,' the personal attendant of our Rinpoche and I, Ngatun Phuntzog, visited the Lhasa oracle, who told us vaguely of the rebirth of Raspa to a noblewoman who lived in the middle part of the U province of Tibet, a little to the northeast of Lhasa. After finding the family, we learned that the child Raspa began to say 'Ladakh, Ladakh' soon after he was reborn. The Gelung and I saw a sign on his left wrist which we recognized to be the sign of the watch of our last Rinpoche. We recognized the scar of a boil on the back of his neck and other familiar signs on the person of our Master. And when we told his noble parents that their child was the reincarnated Raspa, whom we had come to take to Ladakh, they gladly agreed to our request. When we returned to Lhasa, the Netchung [the oracle] approved our discovery of our Rinpoche. The Gyawa Rinpoche, the Dalai Lama, blessed the two-year-old Raspa and permitted us to take him out to our monastery in Ladakh. When we returned to Hemis, the present Raspa recognized the main gate of the monastery, the entrance to his personal rooms, etc. We installed him here at the age of six years and have been blissfully happy in the return of our Guru to Hemis."

1 [See pp. 161-163 for TIBETAN TEXT.--ANALYST]

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Phuntzog talked at length about the discovery. He said that the soul usually wanders two years before it decides what life to enter. Two years from the date when an Incarnate Lama passes to heavenly fields is, therefore, the critical date. The high lamas of the monastery then go to the oracle at Lhasa and say, "Two years ago on this date, this man retired to the heavenly fields. What life has his soul possessed?"

The oracle then describes the place in general terms. When that place is found, there may be more than one baby boy who fits the description. In that event they have to make a selection. They customarily bring along some of the possessions of the predecessor. They put these on a table and bring the little candidates in. One may touch a watch and say it is his. One may inquire about his favorite hat and describe it or say where it was last hanging. The lamas may question the boys about the events in the life of the predecessor. They keep up the search until they are convinced they have found the child who has been possessed by the soul of the deceased.

I asked why Phuntzog relied so heavily on the scar of the boil and the mark of the wrist-watch band. "They are not there now," I said.

He went on to explain that the predecessor had had a nasty boil on the back of his neck and that a native doctor had burned it off, leaving a deep scar. The mark was unmistakable. The mark of the wrist-watch strap was also plain. The man had seldom removed the watch; and when he did, a lighter-colored strip of skin was plain for all to see.

That was not all. This predecessor had spoken Arabic and English. "Only the other day," Phuntzog said, "Rinpoche, who has had no lessons in Arabic, started speaking it."

"How can that be?" I asked.

"The knowledge of the predecessor is in the boy," he replied. "It has to be revived. Some stimulus has to bring it to consciousness; but it is all there."

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As we talked we walked through the vast poplar grove and came to the main monastery building. A lama sat under a tree from morning till night, day after day, reciting his prayers in a singsong way. Our passing did not interrupt him. We climbed to the rooms of the Incarnate Lama—the rooms Rinpoche would occupy when he reached maturity. These were the rooms occupied by the predecessor. His portrait, done in oils, stood on the mantel. Phuntzog turned to me and said, "When Rinpoche first came to Hemis, he asked for his rooms; and when I brought him here he kept pointing out various articles that he recognized."

We walked to the mantel where the oil portrait of the predecessor stood. There was silence for several minutes. Then Phuntzog, turning to me, said, "The resemblance of the Rinpoche is plain, isn't it?"

I nodded, and then I looked to Rahul and saw that he nodded too. And Rinpoche, who had been eying us closely, grinned from ear to ear and, whirling on one foot, dashed out of the room, his little red robe flying.

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lamas where to look. The Manchus saw to it that the oracle directed the search into poor and insignificant families. By selecting the Dalai Lama from new and different groups, the church got popular support; it got the blessing of those who preached democratic principles. But that was not the aim. The aim and the effect were to destroy the old dynastic power. This process was capable of endless manipulation to arrest tribal alliances, to awaken new regional loyalties, to shift the center of political favor. The Chinese used it to the limit. The general formula developed by the Chinese to control the selection is described in Bell, *The Religion of Tibet.*

The story of the discovery of the present Dalai Lama is beautifully related in Steele, "The Boy Ruler of Shangri-La," in the *Saturday Evening Post* for April 13, 1946.

". . . When the thirteenth Dalai Lama died in 1933, at the unusually advanced age of fifty-four—several Dalai Lamas have died very young under mysterious circumstances—the machinery of magic and tradition was put into motion to find his successor. It was not until two years later that the lucky infant was born in a squalid peasant shack in Northeastern Tibet. Neighbors remember now that there was a rainbow over the house on the day of the birth, but nobody realized then the full significance of that heavenly sign. In fact, the boy was already four years old when he was finally found, identified and formally installed on the gilded throne of Tibet. It happened like this:

"Searching for the right baby boy from among thousands born after the thirteenth Dalai Lama's passing, the high priests of Lhasa sought continuous guidance from their gods. They consulted the state oracle—a jovial monk whose prophecies frequently influence government policies. The oracle, while in a trance, pointed eastward. There were other signs to indicate that the new Dalai Lama would be found somewhere in Eastern Tibet. Twice, during successive nights, the body of the late Grand Lama, lying in state in the Potala, was alleged to have

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

787 turned slightly toward the east. A strange, many-fingered fungus
792 sprang overnight from the east side of this dignitary's new, gold-
• 159 encrusted tomb. The odd growth is still preserved where it ap-
775 peared. It is enclosed today in a glass case.

"Next the regent and his wise men visited a sacred lake near Lhasa. In its waters they discerned the image of a three-storied, gold-roofed temple and other mystic signs. The rippling image was easily identified as that of a famous temple in Kumbum Monastery, two months' caravan travel away in Northeastern Tibet. They knew, then, that the boy Dalai Lama would be found somewhere in the vicinity of that monastery. A delegation was dispatched to Kumbum to make the final choice from among three infant candidates in that region. The priestly emissaries entered the house of the humble peasant Chog Chu Tsering, whose young son had shown 'supernatural' manifestations. Before him they laid a number of articles which had belonged to the late Dalai Lama, along with several exact imitations. This was the critical test. There was hushed tension as the infant fondled his new playthings. After momentary hesitation, he picked up a cane and a couple of necklaces. They were the genuine articles. The boy had passed. He had demonstrated his affinity with the defunct priest king. Here was the new Dalai Lama. Whatever doubt remained was dispelled when bodily examination revealed three of the five physical signs associated with the incarnated divinity Chenrezi. It took nearly a year of negotiation and payment of vast gratuities to extricate the child from the jurisdiction of the Chinese and Tibetan authorities in his home district."

The possibilities for manipulation of this doctrine within the framework of Lamaism are innumerable.

648 The Chinese have used not only the machinery of Lamaism in
792 this manipulation; they have used mechanical devices as well. At
775 times they have given the appearance of objectivity by the discovery of several competing candidates for the office of Dalai Lama. Then they put the names of the three candidates on sepa-

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

CHAPTER XXII

Skushogs & Scandals

AMONG the greater personages who periodically appear on the stage of public life in Leh are the *Skushogs* of the surrounding monasteries. The word Sku-shog, meaning literally "body-great," or translated freely, "your presence," is a title of honour used by Central Tibetans for any person of rank, including even the European occasionally, but in Western Tibet it is confined to clerical dignitaries, and, in practice, is only used to designate the head abbot of one or more monasteries. Such a man is regarded as having obtained sufficient holiness to reach Nirvana, but in his compassion for his fellows he voluntarily remains in the wheel of life, and comes back to help them by presiding over their *dGonpa*. Thus as soon as the head incarnation of a monastery dies, he is re-incarnated in a male baby born at the time of his death, this child then has to be discovered and brought to rule over his own lamasery when old enough. Here he is absolute monarch; he himself cannot do evil whatever sin he commits; he is a law-giver, but need not abide by the laws he lays down. The method of discovery and preparatory education of a *Skushog* may be best told by translating a short biography written in Tibetan by the *Skushog* of Hemis at our request.

"My own home is not in Llasa itself, as my father was an assistant to the Yutog minister, whose house is connected with Lhasa by a bridge, covered by a roof set in turquoise-coloured baked bricks. My house-name is 'Yutog Shar.'

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The Yutog minister is the governor of twelve provinces and lives in the Kensdongrdzong.

"I was born when my father was in the employ of the Yutogpa. My birthday is in the fifteenth Rabjhung, in the year of the Sheep. According to the English calendar, this would be the year 1883 A.D. When I was eight years old, that is in the end of the year of the Iron Tiger, the steward of the Hemis monastery, whose name was Ngagwang Chos Zang, and the Kashmir State sent to Llasa for me, where I was staying at Dechen Choskor, which means the Holy Wheel. That I was their *Skushog* was conclusively proved to the envoys, for when they asked the Yongdzin Incarnation to tell them where they could find their new incarnation, he told them my house-name, my father's name and the name of my birth-year quite distinctly and correctly, although it was impossible for him to have known anything about me. Having arrived at Lhaldang, they acquainted me with this prophecy. This was in the ninth year of the Iron Rabbit. After doing obeisance to the Dalai Lama with the *Lobchag* [this is the merchant who is sent from Ladak every two years by the Kashmir State to salute the Dalai Lama and to hand him a present of Rs.9,000]. I offered my first hair to the Yongdzin, who was my Arch-*Skushog* at Dechen Choskor, and was then decorated with the crown-name Ngag Wang Jhamspel Gelegs Rgyaltsan Lhundrup Chogslas Rnampar Rgyalwai Lde, after which I started on my journey; at Shigatse I went to meet Panchen Ertini (the Trashi Lama, who is next in rank to the Dalai Lama), and after this arrived safely and happily at my destination in Hemis. The next year my enthronement as the successor of former *Skushogs* took place, after which I returned to Lhasa, going on to Sangsngag where the Arch-*Skushog* lives, and where I met the head of the Red Sect Lamas, the Drugpa Rinpoche and the Yongdzin Rinpoche, and where I learnt the

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doctrinal truths, staying for some months. After this I stayed in Gongkar Dechos until the Sheep year, and in the year of the Firemonkey I went to see the Galwa Rinpoche, that is the Dalai Lama. Having done obeisance to him, he conferred on me the rank of ' San-o-han-too,' which is a Mongolian word, and other honours which are only bestowed on men of high rank. [To show this rank he has an umbrella carried before him, and possesses his own flag.] I was also placed over other *Skushogs* and professors. I thus received such kindness and praise from the Dalai Lama. That year I returned to Ladak, and the next I passed my examination in doctrine. After this I went to the hermitage of Godtsang, where I lived as a hermit, meditated on the doctrines of Saskya Rnyingma and Drugpa, etc., and read the Kangyur and the scriptures of the Lord Buddha, and pondered their meaning. Here I remained for ten years, but in the Firemonkey year I came out of retirement, and from that time onwards I have been travelling about Upper and Lower Ladak and Kulu, visiting my congregations and giving money to a few lamas, and occasionally I stay in a hermitage."

Since he wrote this little history he has also made a grand tour through India, Ceylon and Burmah to Lhasa, and has thus seen something of the impact of Western civilization, which interests him greatly. He has always been much attracted by small mechanical toys and Western devices, such as electric torches, clocks, watches, microscopes, etc., and is himself an expert photographer. Some visitors to Hemis were once amused to see on each side of the chief altar in his private apartment a pair of Odol bottles, their bent necks facing each other. When we first visited this room, they were replaced by Southwell jam jars containing artificial flowers. He is interested in Western medical science too, and gave a sum of money to the Doctor Sahib towards getting the operation theatre of the Moravian Mission Hospital in

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

mountains, jutting out of a long range to the north of the valley. This is a Yellow-Cap monastery and therefore gives a cleaner impression than most of the red ones. Its present re-incarnation was the hero of a strange series of events during the time we lived in Leh.

It must have been in 1914 that we first made his acquaintance. We heard that the Trigtse *dGonpa* had been without a *Skushog* for years, but at last a deputation of lamas had visited Tibet, and declared that they must bring their *Skushog* back to take up his rule. The boy, who was then about nineteen, refused to come, and his father strongly advised the lamas not to take him, declaring they would only rue it. He was a head-strong youth with no ecclesiastical leanings at all, and had already, we were told, fought on the side of China against his own country. The lamas insisted however, and he was brought to Ladak and installed at Trigtse. He seems to have been anxious to make the acquaintance of the white man, and, thinking he must do in Rome as Rome does, he sent an envoy from Trigtse to Leh to seek out the correct clothing for his first call on the Sahibs. This man, having searched the bazar in vain, called at the Hospital and asked the Doctor Sahib where he could buy a solar topee. Now the doctor and his bride, when they first came to India, had been advised by ill-informed friends to be sure to purchase these topees at Trieste, their port of sail from Europe. Here, therefore, they invested in what proved to be most inappropriate policemen-like helmets, and a kindly sister in India at once saw to it that the Memsahib's was replaced by a more suitable one. Bringing the ugly old helmet to Leh, in case the better one broke, she little thought how august a wearer it would find, for the Doctor Sahib with sudden inspiration sent the man over to his house, where his wife unearthed the discarded topee for the servant to take to his master. She added a pair of speckled socks of her husband's of which she disapproved, an armful of picture papers, and

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

some vegetables from the garden, and the man went off in high glee at the success of his expedition.

The next morning we were asked whether the *Skushog* of Trigtse might call upon us. We hastily arranged for an interpreter, for our Superintendent was away, and we were all new to the country; moreover, our guest's language of Central Tibet was quite a different dialect from that of Ladak. He duly arrived, dressed in his official robes and attended by two or three lamas, and was invited into the drawing-room. But he lingered in the hall, and to the Doctor's surprise began to undress. This process continued to such an alarming extent that he was led into the study. Two other ladies had just called to go out with the Memsahib, and great was the surprise of all three when the drawing-room door opened, and the *Skushog* entered. He wore the helmet-like topee, a Chinese type of frock-coat with paired pin-tucks across the back, brown trousers, a pair of bright yellowish socks, and some Chinese-looking attempts at European shoes. Invited to a chair, and the interpreter called, he entered into friendly talk. He announced among other things that he would like to become a Christian, but we did not take this seriously, and pointed out that he could not do that and retain his wealth and power as a *Skushog*. He then intimated that he would like to stay the night, a rather awkward proposition with our limited accommodation, but we said we could give him the verandah. His lamas whispered anxiously together and let him know it was time to go. Meanwhile they had boiled some tea for him on a little fire outside our kitchen in his own pots, as he must not take food of our cooking. After this the Doctor offered him a cigarette, not knowing in his ignorance of the country that it was against the rules. The *Skushog* made violent signs to him to withdraw into the study again, where, away from the eyes of the lamas, he enjoyed his smoke thoroughly. The latter were at last able to get him to go, and withdrew him on to the verandah where he changed

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back into his priestly vestures, which, needless to say, suited him far better. Before he finally retired to change into them, he straightened himself and squared his shoulders, in order to show us that he also possessed a waistcoat ; but, alas ! between the bottom of that garment and the top of his trousers was a hiatus in which his holy brown body was disclosed. Short of stature, with a strong convergent squint, and scarred by small-pox, indisputable signs of his being the true re-incarnation of his predecessors, for he was sure that he himself had never had small-pox since this re-birth, the foreign clothes hardly showed him off to advantage. The next occasion on which he visited us he retained his *Skushog's* garb and had a photograph taken of himself and his suite, the incongruous element being that his most intimate servant was not a lama, but a Mussulman with short hair and a Tibetan cap with four fur-lined flaps.

After his first call, we took the opportunity of a day's holiday to ride over to Trigtse and visit him. We found him encamped in a *bagh* below and about a mile away from the monastery, in a gorgeous tent with nice camp furniture. We ourselves had brought a picnic lunch, at which he elected to join us. The Memsahib was much amused to find that for her first attempt at meat patties, she had put sugar into the pastry instead of salt, but the *Skushog* seemed to find this quite to his taste, and enjoyed them immensely. Afterwards we all repaired to the monastery, riding our ponies up the steep ascent, and he showed us over it, including all his own private apartments.

But things soon began to go wrong and all sorts of rumours reached Leh. The *Skushog* declared in public that he did not believe in his own office or his religion. When the common people knelt as he rode past, instead of placing his hand on their heads in benediction, he boxed their ears. He had no reverence for the holy property of the monastery, but sold many of its treasures to any good bidder ; he also had the

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792 idols out in a row to use as targets for a shooting practice. ●159 His colleague at Hemis sent him a letter, and this he returned 771 with a donkey drawn across the bottom as his pertinent and only reply.

[626] One day matters came to a crisis : his lamas gave him a severe beating and shut him up in solitary confinement. Yet by every token he was their *Skushog*, and one of them seems to have relented and released him. The two came to Leh, where the *Skushog* first went to the State Hospital to have his external wounds attended to by the Indian Sub-Assistant Surgeon, but his internal treatment he could only trust to the English doctor, so for that he came to the Mission Hospital, where he also received a lesson on Western professional etiquette. The monasterial difficulties resulted in a court case, following which certain of his lamas were sent to prison in Leh, which hardly bettered the relations between them and their spiritual head.

It was not now practicable for him to return to Trigtse, and the question arose as to what was to be done with him, for still he was their *Skushog* and entitled to the financial benefits of his office. The matter came up before the British Joint Commissioner, the Wazir or State Joint Commissioner, and eventually was taken to H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir. The result of it all was that in 1916 he went down to India, and for two or three years vanished into oblivion. Early in 1920 he again appeared in Ladak with one lama servant, giving stange accounts of his experiences in India. He said that he had served as a common sepoy in Baluchistan, alleged that in some capacity he had been as far as Basra, that he had acted as bearer to an English officer with alcoholic tendencies, and also that he had been connected with a Colonel Sahib in the neighbourhood of Madras, who had treated him as his own son, and of whom he always spoke with sincere and friendly gratitude. He still maintained his utter disbelief in the religion of his fathers. The people

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792 called him " the Mad Skushog," but, said he, " I am not mad,
● 159 I don't believe in it at all." The problem of his sustenance
771 and the dues of the monastery remained, for still no one else could be their *Skushog* during his lifetime, yet he entirely
[797] repudiated his office. The Mussulmans in Leh pressed him to join their ranks, offering monetary advantages, and the Buddhists were naturally very upset when he asserted that the only religion which appealed to him was Christianity, and vowed he would embrace it. He came to the Moravian missionaries and asked them to accept him. It was a difficult situation, as his sincerity, especially after his wild dissipated life, needed proof, but at last they began to give him instruction, telling him that study and probation were necessary first. He came regularly to read with one of the missionaries, who found him a most interesting and quite intelligent pupil, to whom some of the things which puzzle Occidental minds were perfectly easy, while other fundamental ideas, which our minds can accept unhesitatingly, he as frankly avowed he could not believe.

[626] At about this time, living as he was with his one lama servant in the town, and visiting Mussulman and Buddhist homes alike, he began to be alarmed for his personal safety. After taking an evening meal out, both he and his servant were ill, and he suspected poisoning. He came to the missionaries and begged them to take him into their compound, where he knew he would be safe. After some consideration, he was given accommodation, and it was a strange thing to look up the compound in the morning and see the *Skushog* sitting on his steps in the sunshine, studying the Bible. We still sus-
[557] pected that the desire to join the Christian religion was secondary, and this suspicion grew when it was found that he had hoped to get a political post under the British Government, and so go back to Tibet under its protection. Without it he certainly dare not venture, for he feared the Tibetans would dispose of both him and his father, by tying them up

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in yak's skins and casting them out in the desert to be shrivelled to death. A Bishop was coming to visit the Mission, and the British Joint Commissioner would soon be coming up for the summer months, so he waited with us for both, though meanwhile he went away for two or three weeks to fetch some of his property from Zankskar. He took his lama servant with him, and, before starting, secured what he considered was an outfit of European clothes. When remonstrated with, he replied that he had thought over the matter carefully, and wished to show that he had made a clean cut with the old life. On his way down we heard that he stuck to his profession of Christianity, asked a blessing before his meals, read his New Testament aloud, and, when the usual offerings were brought to him by ardent Buddhists,—for still he was a *Skushog*,—only took them under protest, saying that he himself had no blessing to give. Arrived at Zankskar he obtained his pony and goods, but his lama deserted him, in fact he seemed to have had a rough time, and he came back alone. Strange it was to think of this high-born ecclesiastical dignitary travelling in the Orient with no servant, though doubtless credulous Buddhists were still eager to obtain merit by providing for his wants at each stage. A short waiting time remained, during which he often came to meals with us, rode and talked with us, proving an entertaining companion and a gentlemanly guest. He also continued his instruction and attended church services regularly, sitting on the floor with the other members, and entering into the responses and hymns with apparent sincerity and enjoyment.

Finally, through the British Joint Commissioner, he was given a post in the Secret Service at Gyangtse, just across the Tibetan border on the Darjeeling side, and left Leh with letters of reference and recommendation, vowing that in two years he would come back to complete his instruction in the Christian faith.

So this strange youth vanished from our midst. We

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792 learned afterwards that with the Maharajah's sanction, he
●159 obtained Rs500 from the Trigtse *dGonpa* to help him to
791 get home, though the lamas would commit themselves to no statement as to whether they still regarded him as their *Skushog* or not, but at the monastery itself they always refer to him as the "Mad Skushog" still, and can appoint no successor during his lifetime. The last news we were able to obtain was from a lama, returning from Lhasa and visiting relations near Leh, who said that he was still alive, and that he and his father had saved their skins owing to the latter's wise forethought at the time the deputation first fetched his son from Tibet Knowing the lad's extraordinary character, he had taken the precaution to draw up a document, stating that the Trigste lamas insisted on taking the boy away, both against his own will and the son's. This paper eventually saved their lives, but the father was subsequently dismissed from his high post in the government and relegated to a lower one, while the son seems to live in a place of internment somewhere in the Closed Land, though not in Lhasa itself, provided with a house and fields, but segregated with other renegades, where, as the Trigtse lamas put it, he has not now the power to do so much mischief.

79r Coming down the valley we meet our next Incarnation at Spitug, another lamasery picturesquely perched on a hill. When we first came to Leh, he was personified by an old man bearing the pontifical name of Bacola whose reputation did not savour of holiness. His other, and smaller, monastery at Sankar, just behind Leh, often received visits from him, so that he was not infrequently met on the six miles of road between. He died in 1917, but it was not for two or three
[795] years that we heard that he had been re-incarnated in the second son of the *rGyalpo* (King) of Marshro, a petty Rajahship some fourteen miles away. Through his mother, who, like the old Bacola, came from Zankskar, his present physical body is a great-nephew to his former one. When this small